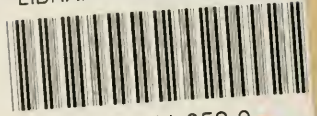


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ADDRESS

—OF THE—

Hon. John Sharp Williams,

—TO—

Company "A," Confederate Veterans,

—AT THE—

Lyceum Theater, Memphis, Tennessee,
May 31st, 1904.

Presented to You with the Compliments of R. B. SNOWDEN.



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ADDRESS.

Mr. Williams, after being introduced in a few well-chosen words, spoke as follows:

One of the Ten Commandments delivered by Jehovah to Moses on Sinai, and not the least of the ten, is this: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Like all the other commandments of God to his children, this applies not only to the individual man, but to men in the aggregate—men in organized societies forming governments, constituting peoples. Just as the boy who does not honor his father and mother is apt to bring his own life to an untimely end, as a consequence of experimenting in new and foolish paths to the neglect of the advice, accumulated experience and teaching of those who have seen the world before him, so a people who forget the history, despise the traditions, ignore the ideals and fail to share the aspirations of their ancestry are a people not apt to conserve anything—neither their own power nor greatness, nor their very living in the land itself, "which the Lord their God has given them." Just as a man cannot safely ignore his heredity and environment, so no people can consistently, with the hope of a long life as a people, neglect either, and the life of those people who do not honor their ancestry, revere their teachings and traditions, share their aspirations and ideals, is apt to be a short one. It cannot be long before they lose their identity in "the land which the Lord their God hath given them."

We hear much about a "New South." There is no New South. What there is of change is a change in the direction of the energies of the people, and if there be anything great and good in the so-called New South, as far as I have been able to ascertain, it is always something whose growth has its roots in the soil of the Old South. Everything admirable

in the so-called New South is built upon the old, as a house is builded upon the rock of its foundation. It could not be otherwise. No tree in the forest which has its roots only in the surface soil can expand and grow until it raises its head above the heads of its fellows to catch the sunlight. The plant with its roots in the surface soil only is a sickly, unhealthy, short-lived plant. It cannot in the very nature of things rise to a lofty altitude or send out great broad branches to bear abundant and healthy fruit. Thus it is with a people. In order to bear abundantly of the fruits of a healthful civilization, there must be great roots that go down into the historic soil of the past to the very bed-rocks themselves. The glory of the present is always built upon the achievements of the past. We hear much of letting the "dead past bury its dead." No poet who was a philosopher, and perhaps no real poet, would ever have uttered that sentence. There is no such thing as a dead past. Every past, though hidden, like the root of the tree, is alive and is supplying nutrition to support and nurture and mature the fruit of the present. That there are things in the past which feed nothing in the present, just as there are elements in the subsoil which give nothing to the tree, is true. But there must be something in the subsoil to furnish nutriment and in the same way an utterly dead past would not only not have strength enough to bury itself, but would have death enough to corrupt and starve and ultimately let bury itself the present too. If by letting the dead past bury its dead, you mean to bury its animosities, its antagonisms, its hatreds, its discords, its despair, then we can all say, aye! We could say, aye, were that appeal addressed to any people in any country at any period, but if you mean to bury its history, to bury its memories of "great men greatly falling with a falling State," its memories of heroism, undaunted courage, superb fortitude, high endeavor and noble daring, if you mean to bury the principles which actuated men to prefer death for their country rather than a life of ignoble ease for themselves alone, then we answer, no! Eternally and forever, no! And we add, moreover, with all deference, that you have said a silly and a dastardly thing.

Ladies and gentlemen, thirty-nine years ago there occurred near the little village of Appomattox, in the State of

Virginia, one of the most memorable and pathetic scenes in all history. A few ragged and half-starved men were surrendered and with them there was seemingly surrendered a cause for which they had fought for four years. This seeming made it sadder. It is useless to picture the scene; Lee for the first time for many months in bright new uniform, with new sword; Grant, rough from the field, with his officers about him; the few brief words spoken around the table, where the terms were agreed to; the silence and sadness which pervaded the minds and marked the conduct even of the Federal officers and men; the scene a few minutes later when the Confederate Chieftain was among his men; the tears coursing down rugged cheeks that had perhaps never felt them before; men returning with no vision of hope to cheer them to lives of hardship and of labor; a despairing people and a desolate land. It is useless to picture all this, I say, because the imagination of each old veteran here pictures it all for himself and every child has heard it told so often that it presents itself in vivid coloring even to his mind. This marked really the war-close of a great struggle, and when we gather, as we yearly do, upon the anniversary month of that event, on our decoration day, the celebration, in its beauty and in its sadness, is a fitting one.

The spring may well be called the childhood of the year, as childhood may well be called the spring-time of life. The spring-time is the season of resurrection, when all nature, seemingly dead, is renewed and renovated. It is fitting, therefore, that, in the resurrection period of the year, budding roses, themselves the symbols of new birth, shall be placed in the hands of little children, symbolizing perpetuation from generation to generation, to be borne to our cemeteries and laid upon the graves of the men of the sixties to symbolize the resurrection in our hearts, and the carrying forward into our children's lives and our children's children's lives of the sweet and brave memories of the men whose graves are bedecked, and whose cause is remembered. But in everything which rational men do, in which there is either beauty or pathos, there must also be a reason. What is it then which we celebrate on an occasion like this? Is it mere physical courage? If it were, the world in all of

its history could not find a physical courage superior to that of the men who died or surrendered under Lee, Jackson and the Johnstons. But mere physical courage is a thing too common amongst the men of the rate to which we belong, to be worthy of any sort of celebration for its own sake. Mere fighting is no virtue; far from it. Indeed, the man who is not great enough and brave enough not to fight when he ought not to, is a poor excuse for a man. Speaking for myself, I have no admiration of the professional fighter, whether he be a Texas cowboy or a West Point graduate. Nor have I any admiration for the mere soldier, the professional soldier—the \$13-a-month fighter, who “for pay and provant” dedicates his life to the business of fighting—ignorant beforehand and regardless of the cause for which he shall be called upon to fight. The very thing which makes a magnificent professional soldier makes a poor citizen; namely, the habit of implicit obedience—a soldier’s only duty is obedience; a citizen’s chief duty is to criticise, to think and to question. Physical courage in and of itself is like wealth or like knowledge—it is a trust—and it depends upon how its possessor uses it whether it shall be classed with the virtues or the vices, with the good or with the evil things of this world. When it is thrown upon the side of right in response to the call of duty, it is worthy of your praise and your reverence. When it is thrown upon the side of wrong at the call of power, it is damnable and damning. I have said that the professional fighting man, the professional soldier, does not, to my mind, express the highest type of manhood. No matter how bright the uniform, how loud “the shouting of the captains,” how splendid the deeds of valor, how inspiring the clangor of the fife and the drums, there is nothing more school-boyish, nothing more disgusting, nothing more detestable, and nothing in the history of the world has been so dangerous or so destructive as the puerile thirst for military fame and the school-boy love for “glory” and a strenuous life. But, although this is true, there is a soldier who does fill the very highest possible measure of manhood. It is the soldier who has become one, not because he loves fighting, or is indifferent to bloodshed, not because he is silly enough to think that fame and glory, in the true sense, can proceed from mere warlike encounter, but who has become one from a sense of duty, espous-

ing a soldier's life as an evil, but an evil less than that which would come upon himself and his children, as a result of slavish submission to wrong, who has become a soldier for the protection of individual liberty, for the protection of individual or community life and the right of free and untrammelled pursuit of happiness in one's own way, or for the defense of the national territory, or for the protection of that which is higher than all mere happiness or life—the civilization of his race—which is the fruit and the flower of the life of his race. Such soldiers were they who turned back the tide of Asiatic conquest at Marathon, who died unavailingly at Thermopylae in trying to turn it back; who returned with palm leaves, victorious, singing paeans, from the sea fight at Salamis. Such were they who, under Charles Martell, upon the broad plains of France, drove back the advancing hosts of Mahómetanism, and secured for all time to Europe and Europeans and their descendants, in the Old World and in this, the precious possibility of the civilization of the Christian and the white man. Such were they who, in the cause of individual and civil liberty, met King John at Runnymede. Such were they who followed Wolfe to the heights of Abraham in order to secure an undivided North America to peace and to the law and language and literature and the civilization of the English speaking race. Such were they who, under the Virginians, Washington, Lee and Morgan, and under the Carolinians, Marion and Sumter, and under the Tennesseans, Sevier and Shelby, threw back the rising tide of British imperialism, while they asserted the inherent and inherited right of Englishmen, whether at home or in the Colonies, to be governed by laws of their own making, promulgated by a government existing by their own consent; and such must have been, my friends, the soldiers of the Confederacy, if anything which they did is worthy of our celebration in these beautiful May days of the recurring years, in the sweet Southland. If it is not mere physical courage, then what is it which we celebrate? Why do we meet? What is the sense of our coming together? Is it to keep alive the memory of a lost cause? Is it the "Lost Cause" which we celebrate? Not a whit of it. Or, if it is, we have no cause to celebrate. In the economy of God, there are no lost causes in this world, except wrong causes. In every cause which has ever existed, whether it has apparently

prevailed or apparently gone down, there have been some things—mere accompaniments, perhaps—which were wrong, but in every cause worthy of celebration there have been things which were not wrong but right, and which being eternally right, have not gone down as lost forever, though, perhaps, temporarily eclipsed. I am an optimist, and in a broad and permanent sense what Pope said is true: "Whatever is, is right." Whatever comes, and comes to stay, is right; whatever goes, and goes to stay, is wrong. To believe otherwise would be to surrender the direction of the universe to anarchial forces rather than to believe them in the keeping of a Supreme Intelligence.

We meet to celebrate the cause and the men of the sixties. What was the cause? Was it secession? Not a whit of it. Secession was merely the remedy which was invoked for the assertion of a right, for the maintenance of a cause. It had been twice before virtually invoked in these United States, though the sword had not been drawn to support its invocation. Once by New Englanders, in opposition to what they considered the tyranny of the Embargo Laws, and once by the South Carolinians in denial of the constitutional right of a government of all the people to levy tribute upon all the people in order to make the capital of a part of the people more profitable, or the labor of a part of the people better compensated. War determined that the remedy should fail, and I think we are all agreed that it is well that the remedy failed. I think we are all ready to go forward, marching shoulder to shoulder, with an eye to the possibilities of the future, rejoicing in the lusty strength of a great and reunited people. What was the cause then? Was it slavery? Not a whit of it. Slavery was undoubtedly the occasion of the quarrel and of the fight, but had the South been attacked in any of her other property or civil rights, she would have defended them just as readily; in fact, more readily than she did in this case. It was merely upon the side of slavery that our right to local self-government was attacked. We thought, and thought properly, that if the people of other communities in the Union could stamp under foot local self-government in the South for so-called moral reasons, even though the thing immediately attacked were slavery, we would have ceased to be a free people; that the Union would have ceased

to be a union of free and equal communities—States—that we ourselves would cease to be free and independent and equal citizens and become the mere subjects of others. It must never be forgotten that the assertion of local self-government carries with it, as a necessary evil, the risk of local self-misgovernment, and even had it been universally admitted, as it was not, that slavery was a great moral wrong, no community could, with self-respect, admit the right of another community to prescribe for it what should and what should not be considered morally right or wrong. God had left that task to themselves. When one community says to another, you shall have the right of local self-government, "provided you govern right," "provided the things which your government does or establishes are morally right, and not wrong," then reduced to its last analysis this merely means, provided **we think** that you are right and not wrong, and this means an abolition of the right of local self-government; for if I be free to govern myself, provided my walk and conduct meet the approval of some one else, I am not free at all, but a slave. Then the cause for which the South went to battle was first, though not chiefly, the right of local self-government. How sacred a right; how ancient! A right which our forefathers in the forests of Germany, or upon the downs of Devon, or from the beginning of their settlement in the wildernesses of America—from the beginning of the life of the race down to now—in every place which it has inhabited—considered sacred and inalienable—one of the inborn rights of a son of the race. It made no difference whether our self-government was, in the opinion of others, self-misgovernment or not. To admit their right even to sit in judgment upon that question was to admit ourselves bond and not free, subjects and not citizens, subordinates and not equals.

But there was something else, and even a greater cause than local self-government, for which we fought. Local self-government temporarily destroyed may be recovered and ultimately retained. The other thing for which we fought is so complex in its composition, so delicate in its breath, so incomparable in its symmetry, that, being once destroyed, it is forever destroyed. This other thing for which we fought was the supremacy of the white man's civilization in the

country which he proudly claimed his own; "in the land which the Lord his God had given him;" founded upon the white man's code of ethics, in sympathy with the white man's traditions and ideals. Our forefathers of the forties and fifties and sixties believed that if slavery were abolished, unless the black race were deported from the American States, there would result in the Southern States just such a condition of things as had resulted in San Domingo, in the other West India Islands, and in the so-called republics of Central and South America; namely, a hybridization of races, a lowering of the ethical standard and a degredation, if not loss, of civilization. Slavery has been abolished, and this result has not followed, but that does not destroy the fact that they had a right, from the lights before them, to think what they thought. It is only from the past that any generation of men may judge the future, and although the same cause may not always be followed by the same result, because of different conditions—history seldom literally repeats itself—yet when cause and environment are seemingly the same, when speculating in advance of the result, it would be folly to predict a difference. Slavery is lost, and it is certainly well for us and the public—perhaps for the negro—that it has been lost. But the real cause for which our ancestors fought back of slavery, and deemed by them to be bound up in the maintenance of slavery, to-wit: The supremacy of the white man's civilization, the supremacy of the ethical culture, which had been gradually built up through countless generations, has not been lost. We have not had the experience of the countries to the south of us, but I ask you, my friends, in all soberness and candor, to ask yourselves how and why we escaped the evils which befell others from identical causes, under similar though not identical conditions? What prevented the Africanization of the South? We escaped, but those of you, even no older than I am, will remember by what a slender thread we held to safety. You will remember the ten long years of so-called reconstruction which made the four long years of war itself seem tolerable by comparison, the ten long years during every day and every night of which Southern womanhood was menaced and Southern manhood humiliated. You will remember the long, long carnival of folly, the saturnalia of vice and corruption, during which

a black flood seemed all but to engulf ourselves as a race, our precious heritage from the past, our sweet and sacred hope for a future. All that had been conquered in the shape of comfort, wealth or culture from a slow-building and laborious past seemed lost. The brethren of our own race, in our own country—the country whose pen had been Jefferson, whose tongue had been Patrick Henry, and whose sword had been Washington—were against not only us, but the race itself—its past, its future—were seemingly bent only on two things—our humiliation as a race in the present, our subordination as a race in the future. As sure as I am standing here, I, at any rate, believe that had society in the South been called upon to meet these conditions without the intervention of four years of war, been called upon to meet them with the friendly and patriarchial relations existing between the races, the result would not have been a result of bare escape, but would have been an engulfment. There is no grander, no more superb spectacle than that of the white men of the South standing from '65 to '74 and '75 quietly, determinedly, solidly, shoulder to shoulder in phalanx, as if the entire race were one man, unintimidated by defeat in war, unawed by adverse power, unbribed by patronage, unbought by the prospect of present material prosperity, waiting and hoping and praying for the opportunity which, in the providence of God, **must** come to overthrow the supremacy of “venered savages,” superficially “Americanized Africans”—waiting to reassert politically and socially the supremacy of the civilization of the English-speaking white race. But what gave them the capacity to do this sublime thing, to conceive it and to persevere in it to the end? To wait like hounds in the leash—impatient, yet obedient to the call of the huntsman's horn—which came upon the heels of the autumn elections in the Northwestern States in 1874? What gave this capacity to the easy-going, indolent, life-enjoying Southerner? What if not four years of **discipline, training, hardship**? Four years which taught the consciousness of strength and mutual courage, the consciousness of capacity for working together, the power and the desire of organization, and which gave them, with it all, a capacity for stern action when required by stern events. But for the war—the lessons which it taught, the discipline which it enforced, the capacity for racial organiza-

tion which was born with it—I, for one, do not believe that conditions in Louisiana, South Carolina and Mississippi today would be very far different from what they are in Hayti, Cuba or Martinique.

Is either of these causes a lost cause—either local self-government of Caucasian civilization? Why, no; ladies and gentlemen. There was never a time in the history of these United States when the cause of local self-government within the States upon the American continent, at any rate, whatever may be true of our so-called "appurtenant appendages," was stronger than it is today, and there never was, from the very beginning of our life as a nation down to this very moment, when the necessity and wisdom of the maintenance of the supremacy of the white man's civilization, his civil laws and his code of ethics, upon which that civilization is bottomed, was so universally and sincerely admitted as it is today. Why, the very men who told us in the sixties and the seventies that "one man was as good as another," no matter what the state of his civilization, no matter what his race traits and tendencies, are the very men who now, in establishing new governments in the new insular possessions, not only admit, but strenuously contend for the necessity of making such provisions of law as will prevent the white men in those possessions from being ruled by other races. The act of Congress for the government of the Islands of Hawaii is almost identically the Mississippi Constitution re-enacted and the reason for its passage was the same; namely, to secure, as far as possible, without violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, the white man's supremacy there, and this, too, although the native Kanakas in the Hawaiian Islands have a percentage of illiteracy less than that of any State in the Union except one, and although the white men in the Islands do not constitute one-fifth of the population.

My friends, there is no other instance that I know of where men having apparently lost a cause by four years of fighting, subsequently preserved it by ten years of unterrified solidarity, superb patience and magnificent common sense. I believe the world knows about us now these two things: First, we have the strength of a giant; and second, that we can be trusted not to use it like a giant—brutally and irrationally. So much for the cause of the sixties. How about

the men, and as men, in order to greatly carry on a great struggle must have great leaders, how about the leaders first? This race to which we belong—this race without a name—which we, with approximate accuracy, call the “English-speaking race”—this great composite race of Saxons and Danes and Normans and Scotch and Irish and Welsh, low German and high German, and Celt—has, from the beginning of its history, had magnificent leaders. Upon the water, the Vikings, Frobisher and Drake, the men who swept the Spanish Main; Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar; then John Paul Jones and Perry and Decatur. Upon the land such men as Richard the Lion-Hearted, leading where few dared to follow, over the hot sands of Palestine; the Black Prince at Creasy and Portier; Prince Hal at Agincourt; Cromwell and Prince Rupert, with their ironsides and gay cavaliers; John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, Washington, Light Horse Harry Lee, Daniel Morgan, Nollchucky Jack and Isaac Shelby, Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, General Nicholson at Delhi, have filled the ideal for those who love gentleness or courage, or both combined. The array of mere names would necessitate my speaking too long for the endurance of an audience. And yet, my friends, in comparison with these glorious names of so many hundred years, there shall not pale in ineffectual light through all the ages the names which our Southern people gave to the world in that comparatively short war period. Think of them! The educated and talented soldier, Robert Edward Lee! That very born genius and thunderbolt of war, Stonewall Jackson! Ashby, the peerless; and Pelham, the young artillerist! He who died in the very beginning, and with whom probably died the Confederacy itself, Albert Sydney Johnston! Admirals Semmes and Buchanan! Forrest, unaccountable and incalculable! All these recur to your mind without the necessity of mention. Never forget that Mississippi did not fail to furnish her quota—Barksdale and Harris, Humphries and Posey, Featherston and Griffin, Edward Cary Walthall. I do not mention all, for some are yet living, and the names of some who are dead do not rise to my lips.

And yet, my friends, there are people who say that all this sort of talk is “sentiment;” that what we want to do is

to "come down to cotton and corn and pork;" buying and selling, negotiating bank exchange; that everything else is "sentiment," and that sentiment is "rot." Let it be a point with all of you, and especially let it be a point with you, young boys and girls, to remember that **the only thing in this world which is not "rot" is sentiment.** That thing is rot which can last a man only a lifetime—which rusts and corrupts and decays—that thing, in other words, which **can** rot. Your cotton and produce are "rot;" your bank exchange is "rot;" your talk about mere material prosperity, as the chief aim and object and existence of man, is "rot," because when you come to lie down and die and be placed within your narrow habitation, six or seven feet by three or four, not one of these things, nor things gained in this way, can you carry with you, nor present as a part of yourself at the chancel of God. They are well enough — we want them, and plenty of them — but they are of the earth earthy and exceedingly temporal. It is only your sentiments and the principles upon which they are based, as a house founded upon a rock, and the purposes, aspirations and ideals which grow out from them, as a tree does from its sub-soil roots, that you can carry with you, because they have become a part of your **immortal souls.** Just in proportion as they are high and lofty, on the one hand, or low and "mere monetary," on the other, are you fitted for the "communion of the saints," upon the one side, or that of hell-born creatures on the other. Business is all right. Money-making is all right. Every man should be diligent in business. We have apostolic authority for that. Every man should want to make money, in order that he may look all other men straight in the eye, with the independence of a true manhood, owing no man anything, saying with poor Bobbie Burns:

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

But the man who surrenders his entire soul, or even subordinates his nature, who prostitutes all of his energies, or his chief energies, to the business of piling one dollar upon another, who forgets that there are flowers and poetry, a past

and a present for himself and for his race, on earth and in Heaven, who has narrowed himself to the point where everything but money-making and so-called business has become "rot," would be bored to death in the kingdom of Heaven in twenty-four hours, and could have no worse punishment provided for him than an eternal sojourn in a purely moral and mental world. A country without memories is a country without history, a country without history is a country without traditions, and a country without traditions is a country without ideals and community aspirations, and a country without these is a country without sentiment, and a country without sentiment is a country without capacity for achieving noble purposes, developing right manhood or taking any truly great place in the history of the world.

I have talked about your leaders, but, my friends, what makes leaders? Only this, loyal, faithful, devoted, trusting, thinking and not too querulous followers. The greatest leaders must have followers worthy of them, or the opportunity for leadership does not exist.

I have mentioned some of the great leaders on land and at sea of the great army of the Confederacy.

We have failed as yet to mention its crowning glory, which was the private soldier.

Taken all in all, no body of private soldiers like that of the Confederacy has ever existed or fought under any leadership. They were equally great on the march; on the defensive; on the attack, when the order to charge came; in prison, where "durance vile" and suffering for food on the one hand, and the temptation of offered freedom on the other, were equal inducements to desertion. I remember the Confederate soldier best of all when he was on the march. I can see him now winding his way through the dust, shoe-mouth deep, unwashed, unkempt, but jovial still. I can hear his voice as he passes the big gate: "Buddy, does your grandma know you are out?" "Sissy, who painted your lips so red?" No wonder that, with all the raiding and counter-raiding, passing and counter-passing of war, the boys of my age—nine, ten or eleven years—thought that the jolliest life in the world must be that of a soldier, and looked forward to the time when they might be permitted to participate in it;

not as a day of great responsibility, inaugurating a life of much danger, but as a sort of holiday, when fun would be unending and jokes ever recurrent.

There existed once a man by the name of Hannibal, later a Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte by name; earlier another Italian from Rome, of the genus Julius, surnamed Caesar; all of whom thought they knew something about the importance of time in military operations, something about marching infantry, so as to be "at the point of crisis with the largest numbers first," but one Thomas Jonathan Jackson, surnamed "Stonewall," because he could, when that was the thing to do, stand still like a stone wall, might, in this game of marching, have given either one of these World Captains an advantage of three out of five and beaten them to the goal; and an unlettered man, guiltless of military training, untutored in the science of war, half West Tennessean and half North Mississippian, by name Bedford Forrest, could not only have taught them how to move cavalry quicker than they knew, but could have revolutionized for them, as he did for the modern world, the art of war by changing cavalry into "mounted infantry," with all the advantage of cavalry on the march, and all the advantage of infantry in the fight. In these regards, the Southern private soldier revolutionized the art of warfare. It was not long before he had done away with the useless encumbrances of haversacks, knapsacks and tents, leaving the non-essentials of warfare behind him, and carrying only the essentials with him; namely, food, if it was convenient; and a gun and ammunition, anyhow. One of the inexplicable things to me about the Southern soldier is this, that he seemed to have been, for the most part, without a sufficiency of anything in the world except guns and ammunition. He developed a capacity for starving and going naked marvelous and unparalleled, but somehow he seems never to have been without guns and ammunition, at least enough to start a battle on.

I have said the Southern soldier was great on the march, but marching, after all, is only "getting there." After one gets there, one must do something. At the beginning of the war, those who thought they knew, said that the Southerner would show the *elan* and enthusiasm which had always characterized the Frenchman upon the charge, but that he

would not show the steadfastness and perseverance in resistance and capacity for standing punishment while acting upon the defensive, which had characterized the British soldier and which our Northern brethren boasted they would demonstrate, and which, to do them justice, they did so frequently demonstrate. Critics were right when they said the Southern would be great on the charge. The world has witnessed some great charges in its day. Our white race has made some of them; the charge of the French cavalry at Austerlitz, of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo; the perhaps equally great counter-charge of the English Horse Guards at the same place; the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, immortal in itself and rendered metrically immortal in the minds of men by Tennyson's stirring lines; the unavailing charge of the English at the battle of New Orleans; the charge of the Mamelukes—white slaves, as they were—upon Napoleon's squares in the shadow of the pyramids—all these recur to the mind. But where, in all the history of all the charges, do you find exploits comparable to that beginning at Savage Station and continuing on through the seven days and ending at Malvern Hill? To that of the Texans, when they told Lee to go to the rear, in the wilderness? To that suicidal, murderous and unavailing onslaught of the Confederate infantry upon the breastworks of Franklin? And above all, to that of Pickett and his men at Gettysburg? I can see them now; the reluctantly obedient and sullen corps commander sitting upon the fence, Pickett saluting and asking, "General, shall I carry my men in?" Longstreet's bowing without a word. I can hear the Virginian giving his orders, see him in his place with head bowed, see the sweep of the line without a break, as it goes across and up the long slope, the orders almost noiselessly passed to close up as the artillery, and later the musketry, tear the ranks to pieces; I can see the long slope from one end of that gray line to the other, in the course of its march by the dead and dying; I can see the few who attained the height vaulting, sword in hand, or with clubbed musket, into the enemy's entrenchment. I can see them looking about to find themselves surrounded by blue coated soldiers—more than enough without arms to have tied them with pocket handkerchiefs. I can see those few—oh, so few—looking back over that long, long slope to find not one gray

coat in sight for a support—Lee's orders not carried out. I see them then, despair of desperation settling upon them, some surrendered and some beginning to break back to the Confederate line; I can hear later the anguished and agonizing reproach of Pickett, when he states to General Lee that his magnificent division had been swept out of existence, and I can hear Lee, with a greatness of soul, a magnanimity of which he alone was capable, saying: "Never mind, General, it has all been my fault," and to the men, "you must help me get out of this as best we can." In comparison with this demonstration of the courage of the soldier and the magnanimity of the leader, what could you quote from all history? But, my friends, if the critics were right about the *elan* of the Southerner on the charge, they were wrong about his capacity for standing punishment on the defense. Witness Jackson and his Virginians at First Manassas; witness Stonewall Jackson again with his division nearly a whole day waiting for Longstreet at Second Manassas; witness Southern resistance at the "bloody angle," and upon the reformed lines of entrenchment back of it at Spottsylvania; witness Second Cold Harbor, where the Federal private soldier, of his own accord, refused to obey orders to charge again against the impregnable resistance of the Southerners. The dogged, patient, steadfast courage of Wellington and the British soldiery at Torres Vedras, great as it was, pales ineffectually in the light of the suffering, patience, steadfastness to the end, displayed by the soldiers of the Confederacy at Vicksburg and at Petersburg. What soldiers they were! And bear in mind, my friends, that "soldiering" was not their business. They fought neither for love of it, nor for pride in a soldier's profession, nor from the mere habit of soldierly obedience, nor for pay in money which was worthless, nor for "provant," which was little. Soldiering, I say, was not his business. He was a mechanic, a lawyer, a doctor, a farmer, sometimes even a preacher, as brave General Leonidas Polk and General Gregg, both Bishops, were. But when called upon to become, for the time being, for his country's sake, a soldier, he became such a soldier as that the world has never seen his like. It has been said that peace hath her victories no less than war, and in a certain sense it is true. But taking the exploits of a soldier like that, hazarding death only for his

country's and posterity's sake—not his own—peace has no glories like his, for the simple reason that she furnishes men with no opportunity so great; for, after all, the glory of a man consists in this, that he demonstrates his love for his fellowmen, and how can it be that this demonstration can be made more complete than by surrendering one's very life for them?

But if this Southerner were a great soldier, what made him so? There must be some reason for it or else it cannot be true. What are the private soldiers of a volunteer army? They are simply **the plain people in uniform**. The soldiers of the Confederacy were great then, because they were a great **people**, ladies and gentlemen, because they were a **free and equal people**, an ultra democratic people. Free, proud of their liberties, proud of their determination to maintain them; equal, no man daring to assert, throughout all the Southern land, any inherited or acquired superiority over his fellows, except that given by character and knowledge, or else that bestowed by the free suffrage of his fellows. In the Confederate army there marched, shoulder to shoulder, men whose fathers owned their hundred negroes and their five thousand acres, and the sons of overseers or of poor yeomanry, who owned nothing except the crops they made each year. The Confederate soldier, when off duty, if intimacy in private life justified it, as it nearly always did, called his Colonel "Henry," his Captain "Jim" or "Jack." I have frequently heard men, up North especially, talking about "Southern aristocracy." Except in the early days upon the tide-water of Virginia and in the low country of South Carolina, nobody in the South ever assumed to be an aristocrat, for if he did the balance "jes' laffed," and even in those localities the assumption owed its birth to colonial conditions and died out, or was dying out, with them. Talking once in the cloak-room at Washington to a gentleman from the North, who had said something about Southern aristocracy, I said: "It takes just two things to constitute an aristocrat down South; one is to be white and the other is to be decent." Being white costs nothing—a man is born that way. Being decent is not expensive—water is cheap, all that is necessarily added is to be clean in thought and speech, as well as in person. Thus, we can all be Southern aristocrats whenever we choose. Our people were always

democratic; in fact, slavery had that effect in the South, which it has had in all countries where one race has held another in slavery. The line of demarcation between the slave and the free man was a line so broad and so marked that it virtually wiped out all other lines of demarcation in society.

Even now, after the obliteration of slavery, the masters having belonged to one race and the slaves to another, the line of cleavage between the races causes all other lines of demarcation to fall into utter insignificance in the country and comparative insignificance in the cities. In enforcement of what I said to my Northern friend in the cloak room, I added that in my own town I had seen a citizen paint the outside and paper the inside walls of a fellow citizen and afterwards dine at that fellow-citizen's house, with the Governor of the State and the Bishop of the Episcopal church, and that he dined there **as the admitted equal of his host and of the guests**, without condescension of any sort, simply because he was a good citizen and had been a good Confederate soldier. Why, my friends, ours is the only country in the world today where a man can cry, "hello!" at the gate of another in the night time, have the master of the house meet him at the gate with a lantern, and after having satisfied himself, in the light of that instrument, of the fact that the new-comer is white and clean, invite him to stay all night and to be received by the family, without show of condescension, upon a footing of perfect courtesy. It is strange to other people, but it is not strange to me and you that we receive in that way men who have been trudging afoot along the public roads, without asking or caring whether they be rich or poor, lawyers, bishops or ditchers. All we ask is that the man be white, that he be clean and that his behavior be decent. This plain people, such as I have described them, being put in uniform, constituted what a generous-minded Northern officer has called "the incomparable infantry of Northern Virginia, with bare feet and tattered uniforms, but bright muskets." Well might he use the word "incomparable." What other soldiery in the history of the world, viewed solely in the cold, historical light of actual accomplishment, has been comparable to it? Our ancestors—those "embattled farmers of the American Revolution"—whose shots were heard around the world, fought bravely and under all circumstances well, but America

had at that time a population of 3,000,000 of people and, as is the case with all new and pioneer countries, a greater proportion of the population consisted of men of military age than is usual. Our forefathers were separated from their enemies by three thousand miles of ocean. Even in modern days, with immense leviathans of the deep, and with steam power to propel them, we know from the recent experiences of America in Cuba and in the Philippines and of Great Britain in South Africa, the difficulties and slowness of ocean transportation of men and materials of war. It is doubtful if Great Britain, during any one year of the Revolutionary War, ever had upon the American Continent forces in all superior to all those of the Colonies, though concentrated in superior numbers at given points. It is a known fact that the militia of some of the Middle States especially were frequently not to be relied upon when facing British regulars in the open. The South possessed a population of about 7,000,000 white people. It faced in war about 22,000,000 of people north of the Ohio and Potomac, including all the regular army of the United States. Back of the 22,000,000 lay this same Atlantic Ocean, across which could be ferried, with not as great difficulty as during the period of the Revolution, the hordes of those who were willing to fight us "for pay and provant," or for what they thought the cause of liberty. No ocean separated us from our native enemy. In the very first great battle of the war our comparatively undisciplined levies faced the soldiers of the regular army of the United States, without fear or quivering, unprotected by entrenchments and upon a ground of equality. The forces of the North during the entire struggle, in garrison, on the field, in all sorts of duty, numbered about 2,000,000; those of the South approximated 600,000. Whether these figures, which have been disputed in their detail, be strictly accurate or not, they are approximately so. The great fact remains that except perhaps during the first three or four months of the war, we were always stupendously and unprecedentedly outnumbered—not only outnumbered in men, but overbalanced in materials of war, equipment, hospital provisions, manufacturing energy and capacity and absolutely overwhelmed in sea power to the point of a close blockade of all our ports. There are those who would venture to compare the troops of the Boers in South Africa

with the soldiers of the Confederacy. In many respects they were alike, and actuated by similar motives—pride of race and racial courage, engendered by the environment of vast numbers of the same inferior race, and a love of individual independence. But the Boer was separated from his enemy by a broader expanse than the Atlantic even. He began the war with superior equipment, superior artillery, and superior numbers in the field, and maintained this superiority until Great Britain could land naval guns and transport across the sea the forces necessary to redress the balance. England sent to South Africa about 200,000, some say 250,000 men. More than one-half of these were required to hold the lines of communication, not only within and along the borders of the hostile States, but even in Cape Colony itself, where a majority of the population is Dutch, and was either secretly or openly hostile, necessitating garrisons for the purpose of holding down and preventing the outburst of hostile sentiment in her own colony. The Boers themselves boasted that with their troops and foreign legionaries and the Cape Colony Dutch, who had joined them, they put into the field all told at the very beginning 70,000 soldiers. These soldiers were for the most part well and long disciplined, acquainted with the difficult country in which field operations must be carried on, themselves acclimated and riding acclimated horses, with the most magnificent equipment of the most efficient long range artillery any equal force had ever had. The Confederacy waged a war for four years, waged it with **organized armies** up to the very day of Kirby Smith's surrender. The Boer war lasted only about two years, and during a third of that time was not a war of organized armies, but of partisan bands. Such battles or skirmishes as they won in the open field were during the early period of the war, when their forces were equal, nearly equal or superior, and when their artillery was so much superior that there was no comparison. No braver soldier ever fired a musket, or by courage lifted himself to the end of a forced march than the Boers in South Africa, and yet, judged in the cold light of comparative achievement, they cannot be compared with "the plain people of the South in uniform."

There have been battles in the history of the world when the forces were much more disproportionate than were the

forces of the North and South during the war between the States, but they were battles in which men of the white race were arrayed upon one side and Asiatics or Africans upon the other. This was the case at Marathon. This was the case in the numerous engagements in which the English and the Scotch and the Irish, under Clive and Havelock and Lawrence and Nicholson, met East Indians upon the plains of Hindoostan. We, however, were not only fighting white men, but for the most part of our own branch of the white race, our equals in physical stature, in power of endurance, in intellect, in discipline; our superiors in equipment and mechanical ingenuity and in resources; unequal to us only in this, that the sentiment which inspired them was not so intense, nor the evils to result from defeat so frightful to their imaginations. The "plain people in uniform," the private soldiers of the Confederacy, were great, because, as I have inadequately indicated, of their democracy, race pride and environment. But in addition to environment there are other things which determine the character of a man or of a people. Heredity is one, perhaps the chief. The *esprit du corps* or the general body of a people's ideas and ideals, and opinion of themselves is another. Speaking of the heredity of the Southern people, it must never be forgotten that they belonged almost entirely to the great English-speaking race, as purely so as all the inhabitants of the United States did in colonial days and during the Revolution, and that the generation of Southern white people, who fought the war, were the product of the inter-breeding of this race for long generations in an atmosphere of freedom and manly self-dependence, engendered by a country life. They and their ancestors before them, for many generations, had lived the open air life of planters and farmers. They had been accustomed, as country people of comparative leisure always must be, to depend upon themselves alone in sudden emergencies. Riding and shooting and taking care of one's self were no arts to be learned. They had been learned in infancy from fathers and grandfathers, who were masters of them.

And what was their ideal? It was all that was highest and best and bravest and most chivalrous among the acquirements of the race to which they belonged—the culmination of duty and personal honor. It is no wonder then that they

fought well when we consider the heredity, environment, the *esprit du corps* and the things for which they fought. They fought for local self-government. Many had fought before them at this soul-stirring call. But they fought for more in addition; for the civilization of the English-speaking branch of the Caucasian race. And what a civilization it is, my hearers! The wisdom of Egypt, the beauty of Greece, the majesty of Rome, all these are as nothing in comparison. Speaking a language the richest and most capable of expression which the world has ever known, the civilization of which they boasted, the fruit of all the ages of the struggles of the race with hard nature and harder men in Europe and in America, had been perfected to a degree unprecedented in the history of the world, based, as it was and is, upon a code of ethics peculiar to themselves in many things. Their law was the great body of the common law, which has succeeded, more nearly than any other law which ever existed, in "prescribing what is right and forbidding what is wrong," as between man and man and man and State. The race had asserted its superiority wherever it had gone, from the borders of the Arctic sea to the Equator, in the Occident and in the Orient. What a civilization! I say, the civilization of a race which alone of all races has refused to hybridize with inferiors, has refused to "herd with the narrow foreheads vacant of our glorious gains," a civilization which carries freedom for its own citizens, and for all others at least these things; law and order and peace, wherever it goes—a civilization whose prince of knights was Sir Philip Sydney, whose princes in statesmanship and empire building were Hampden and Sydney and Chatham and Jefferson; whose prince of drama was William Shakespeare; whose prince of epic poets was John Milton; whose prince of philosophers was Sir Francis Bacon; whose princes of sweet singers were Moore, Burns and Tennyson, and our own Allan Poe; whose princes of scientists were Sir Isaac Newton, Darwin, Huxley, Agassiz and Gray; whose princes of oratory—greater even, several of them, than Cicero and but little less great than Demosthenes—were the elder Pitt, Charles J. Fox, Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Calhoun, Webster, William C. Preston and our own Sargent S. Prentiss; whose historians were Hume and Macaulay, Prescott and Motley, Buckle and Bancroft; whose

epoch-making political philosophers were Locke, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, John C. Calhoun, and, greater than all, save perhaps Jefferson, Edmund Burke, whose commerce whitened the seas of the world with its sails, whose free institutions were an inherited right.

Men are made great soldiers by what they fight for as much as by what they are, and when you old veterans, growing daily older in years and fewer in numbers, who are assembled here today, some of you for the last time, with one another, do not imagine that you and those who fought with you deserve all of the credit for the magnificent courage, the superb fortitude, which you displayed. You showed the "mettle of your pasture." You **ought** to have fought better than anybody else. You fought for **more than anybody else ever did**. You **had** more to fight for. You not only fought for the right of local self-government, you fought not only, as you thought, for the supremacy of the race and for the very life of your civilization itself—a civilization the value and splendor, the beauty and glory and holiness of which no man may depict—you not only fought for all these, but you went forth to fight for them at the bidding of a pure, home-keeping womanhood, the very flower and fruit of it all; the sweetest, gentlest, purest womanhood that the world has ever seen, and too, a womanhood which encouraged to action and pointed the finger of scorn at the laggard. Your race, your civilization, your women—you fought for all these; and last but not least, for your land. The land itself was and is a glorious thing. The land we live in! The land we love! God sun-kisses the heights and throws shadows upon the valleys of no sweeter land in all this world. It is a land to live in; a land to die for. From its northernmost limits, where "the beautiful river" winds its way towards its junction with the turbid waters of the Mississippi, from where the clear Potomac breaks through its mountain passes, to rush to its destiny in the bay, down to its southernmost limit amongst the everglades of Florida, or where the warm waters of the Gulf lave the sands of the Mississippi sea coast: from its highest altitude, where the Great Smokies in "the Switzerland of America" pierce and overtop the clouds, down to its lowest, where the lazy Mississippi, conscious of its majesty and of its strength, winds its slow course towards

the Gulf, but little below its own level; along the grassy slopes of the valleys of Virginia and Tennessee; in the balmy air of the long leaf pines; amidst the fields of opening cotton or waving wheat; where the oaks rear their majestic heads or where the magnolias and the orange trees blossom; everywhere—all over it—he who lives in a palace and he who lives in a hut are alike in one respect; they look out from the doors of their homes upon a kindly, genial and beautiful land—a land the very sight of which kindles love for itself. No wonder, then, that the Southerner loves the South. The Georgian loves Georgia, the Alabamian loves Alabama, the Mississippian loves Mississippi, the Tennessean loves Tennessee; but there is one thing which each loves more yet, and that is the South—a land which is not a separate land, a people without a nationality. The Frenchman's love of country is noisy, boisterous, self-assertive, and justified with it all; the German's ingrained devotion to the Fatherland is philosophical, historical, well-grounded; the Englishman loves England as a man loves his wife; he has tried her and she has always proven true and worthy; but in his love for her, as in the love of a man for his wife, he can see and patiently discuss her faults. He does do it and loves her in spite of them. But the Southerner loves the South as a boy does his sweetheart—with all his heart. He will do foolish things for her at her mere bidding. He will bear no discussion of her faults. She is a consecrated thing—the image of which is enshrined in his heart. Her sufferings, her humiliations and the criticisms of others only emphasize his devotion or arouse his anger.

The Southern people present the unparalleled spectacle to the world of being the only people who, for four years, bore upon the points of their bayonets a cause which apparently they lost, and coming forth from the struggle ruined and despairing, came forth at least not discordant. They alone of all men under such circumstances have failed and refused to make a scapegoat of a single great man in their military or civil employ, who led them to the unsuccessful issue. They know, whatever the world may think, that it was they themselves who led themselves. They have brooked, and they and their children will brook, no word of reproach of Lee, of Jackson, of the Johnstons, of Hampton, of Stuart,

and their paladins, nor have they brooked nor will they brook, strange as it may seem (for it is easier for men to bear slurs upon their civil than upon their military leaders), one word of reproach or censure of "The Great Mississippian," who, in his person, bore the sufferings of us all, and who lived at the conclusion for only one purpose—to draw up and give to the world a dispassionate and true account of the cause for which you fought and of the manner in which you fought it—Jefferson Davis. Remember always that these men who have refused to sacrifice unto themselves a scapegoat were and are **the common people** of the land. Once, sitting upon the floor of the House of Representatives, paying but scant attention to the running debate, there fell upon my ears unexpectedly from the lips of a Northern Representative a contemptuous reference to the "poor white trash of the South." The remembrance of all they had been, and all that they were, was in my heart. I said, as I would say now, and as I would have you all say: "We have poor men in the South, as you have in Massachusetts, but the poor men are not always, nor generally 'trashy.' We have 'trashy' men in the South, as you have in New England, but some of the trashiest of them are the richest. Except for novelists and for negroes, there is not, and there never has been, any such **class** as 'poor white trash.' If you refer under that designation to the poor whites of the South, history can tell you that they are the most magnificent raw material out of which superb manhood and pure womanhood is made—that this world knows or has known. They are the only body of so-called 'common people,' of whom it may, as a rule, be said that they can neither be bought nor can they be scared." I did not say, ladies and gentlemen, because I thought it would be then and there in bad taste, what I might have said in addition. I might have said that if the poor people of the white race in the South are to be designated as "poor white trash," the gentleman himself and all Northern men might find cause for serious reflection. If there was a class in the South to whom the application might have been applied, it was the class from which Abraham Lincoln sprang—the poorest of the poor—and the thriftless poor, at that. Bone of our bone and sinew of our sinew, he received from a Southern ancestry on both sides—and especially upon his mother's side—his patient courage,

his imperturbable perseverance, his loyalty to his ideals, and above all, the characteristic common sense and sense of humor of the Southerner. I might have told them that they got not only the head of their civil government and the chief of their land captains from our blood or territory, not only Lincoln and Grant and the Rock of Chickamauga—George B. Thomas—but that when they wanted a sea captain worthy of the Vikings of the race, they got him in the person of Farragut, of Tennessee, raised out near Knoxville, amidst and one of the class which they contemptuously call "poor white trash." I might have gone back in the history of our common country and called up, as types of this imagined class, Patrick Henry, Henry Clay—the "mill boy of the slashes"—and Andrew Jackson, the "hero of New Orleans." Whether rich or whether poor, the yeomanry of the South—its "peasantry," if one chooses to indulge in a word derived from European conditions—has been, and is now, great in peace and in war. Great because they have always been, and are now, devotees of individual freedom and of exact equality, above the color line, in society and in the State.

The same heredity, the same environment, the same ideals and aspirations, the same beautiful land and pure women, the same devotion to the supremacy of the white man's laws, the white man's code of ethics, and his civilization, which sustained us during so many days of "the times which tried men's souls," will sustain them still. The same race pride is here, a fair substitute for courage with those few to whom God has not given the real article. In the moments of reflection that accompany the time when you shall become conscious of your call to "join the innumerable caravans of the dead," let this reflection be your consolation—that you fought for no lost cause, but for a cause, the good and precious in which has been won; that your children, and their children's children, as long as the republic itself shall endure, will maintain, in peace or in war, the right to local self-government, and the sacred heritage of a race's supreme civilization. Carry also this thought with you to your last resting place—that your inauguration of the great struggle may have left some ruins in its wake, but that the very ruins themselves are sacred and precious to those who come after you, calling to mind a heritage which would probably have

been lost to us, and to all of those who shall come after us, but for your battling and your defeat. Then, too, while gaining and preserving our real cause, you lost and failed in that which it would have been an incalculable pity had you succeeded in—we failed to break up the American Union. God alone here knew that we could preserve the cause and still save the Union.

“There are gains in all our losses,
There are balms in all our pain.”

For—

“* * * hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument—the soul—
And play the prelude of our fate.”

This sentiment, which some people say is “rot,” is the heritage which came with disaster and with many ruins. As a great orator has said: “A land without ruins is a land without memories, a land without memories is a land without history,” and, as I like to add, a land without history is a land without sentiment, a land without sentiment is a land without aspiration, and a land without aspiration is a land without purpose, and a land without purpose is a land devoid of noble daring or high achievement. Or, as Father Ryan has better expressed it, taking the words of the orator, whom I have quoted, as his text:

“Yes! give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes! give me a land that is blessed by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes! give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes! give me the land that hath legends and lays,
That tell of the memory of long vanished days;
Yes! give me a land that hath story and song,
Enshrining the strife of the right and the wrong;
Yes! give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And the names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes! give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.”

The Confederacy had its poets, as it had its land captains, and its sea captains—Timrod and Hayne and Thompson—but he who came nearest touching the very heart of the

people, who was **par excellence**, the "Poet of the Confederacy," was Father Ryan. I am going to read you a few lines which he published soon after the war, and which accorded more nearly with the feelings of the people at that time than anything which even he wrote, and I want you to analyze your own feelings now and see if you feel as you did then. It was written at a time when despair ruled supreme in the hearts of men surrounded by the destruction of the land and the humiliations accompanying its attempted so-called "reconstruction." At that time the cause seemed verily a lost cause. There were but few, if any, who dared dream that out of its seeming defeat in war was to come its victory in peace, by an organization of masterly inactivity, so long as inactivity was the watchword, and masterly inactivity, when the time for activity had come. All about your beautiful city, every Decoration day, are little Confederate flags in the hands of children, who are disobeying the injunction of this poem, an injunction which we then thought wise as well as beautiful. As I read think why we think it is well today to disobey his injunction:

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
 'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a hand to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not left to lave it,
 In the blood which heroes gave it,
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!"

"Furl it, hide it, let it rest!" Is that the way you and I feel about it now? Do we feel that unfurling it is but the reorganization of a useless struggle in behalf of a "lost cause?" Do "its foes now scorn and brave it?" "Brave it," aye! If it were held out to be braved, but it is not. "Scorn it?" No! There is not one man, North or South, native or foreign, that dares say he scorns that flag, or the struggle whose emblem it was. He would lie in his throat, and every man living, friend or foe, would know that he had lied. It made itself respected, whatever else it did. But yesterday, with a President in the White House who bore the Stars and Stripes successfully until the Southern cross fell, there is no prouder boast made by his friends than that the men who bore the

Stars and Bars of the Confederacy are among the worthiest of those who now bear the flag of their forefathers. Let me read further:

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe."

"While around it sounds the wailing of its people in their woe." Is that true now? On the contrary, around it sounds the shouting of its people in their joy—joy because they are living in a state of things where all that was essential in the cause of right still lives, and all that was non-essential and mistaken has disappeared, not only from our conditions, but from our hearts. It is the shouting of its people in their triumph which greets me today. A dissenter in England, who believes in the rule of a free Parliament and in Puritanism, might as well speak of the banner which Cromwell carried as one around which "sounds the wailing of its people in their woe." He knows, as does all the world, that there, too, was yet another so-called "lost cause," which was not lost, because the right that was in it had triumphed. In connection with lost causes generally, I am reminded of the words of Tennyson:

"And I doubt not through the ages,
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are broadened
With the progress of the suns."

Yet further, let me read:

"Furl that banner, softly slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!"

Are its people's hopes dead? Not a whit of it. We are not "at the dawn of a 'new day' for the New South," as many say, but the old Southern day is growing brighter and more beautiful, as the sun of its people's hopes rises higher and higher.

"Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever."



Shall we "let it droop there, furled forever?" In the name of all that is true and brave, we answer, no! Once a year in the resurrection season of nature, we shall unfurl it, unfurl it as a symbol of the cause which it represented, and still represents, as the symbol of the solidity of its people in behalf of local self-government and in behalf of the perpetuation of the supremacy of the white man's ethics, his law, the precious fruits of his literary and industrial attainment—in a word, his civilization. We shall unfurl it as a symbol of the resurrection in our hearts of the memories of the cause and of the men who bore it. We shall place it in the hands of little children, that it may symbolize in their hands the perpetuation of the annual resurrection of those memories to our children, and to their children's children, as long as time shall last. It is the symbol today of something grander even than the immortality of the individual, to-wit: The immortality of the race, its culture, its ideals and that body of acquired sentiment which we call civilization. We should unfurl it in these annual celebrations, in the anniversary month of Appomatox, for another reason, because—

"* * * Its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages."

Now, my friends, I have spent over an hour in trying to "utter the thoughts that arise in me," and yet I might have uttered them better in a much shorter time, without wearying your patience, had I quoted the words, rising to a climax, of one verse of that great poem which every Southern child should learn by heart, "The Sword of Robert E. Lee," written by this same "Priest-Poet" of the Confederacy, from whom I have read. Speaking of the sword of Lee, the very flash-light of the cause, as its wearer was the very type of the men of the sixties, he says:

"* * * * * Never hand
Waved sword from strain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand;
Nor cause a chief like Lee!"